

Good Morning 708

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Something Cooking, A.B. James Frampton

THE reason there was no one at home when we called at 110, Portia Street, Ashington, Northumberland, A.B. James Stanley Frampton, was that your mother was at the railway station waving good-bye to a young Air Force corporal.

Yes, you've guessed right away. Your brother Bill, home on marriage leave, was going back to duty after the honeymoon.

There had just been a family reunion, of course, and the other two brothers of this fighting family—Jack, also in the R.A.F., and Tom, in the Marines—had been home to send Bill off into a new life. We called again later, and this time Mrs. Mary Frampton, the lady of the house, was there to answer our knock.

"This keeps me in mind of James as much as anything else," she told us, holding up a model of a submarine, and while she told us its history (remember making it for your mother?) the "Good Morning" photographer thought he'd take a quick shot at her with his camera.

Your father is still working hard down the Ashington colliery. He was there when we made our call, and mother was making one of your favourite dishes for his meal when he got home.

Mother said you'd remember that meal. We did, too. The delightful aroma of it from the kitchen oven followed us for miles along the country road after we left!

Island News for A.B. Fred Jones



TO A. B. Fred Jones the liberation of the Channel Islands and the Royal Visit there will have been of very special interest.

There is great relief at his home No. 120, Willinton Road, Filwood Park, Bristol, now that they know that the family in Jersey are quite well and have seen the last of the German occupation.

A.B. Jones has very strong connections with these islands and hopes to be going there again as soon as this present spot of bother is cleared up.

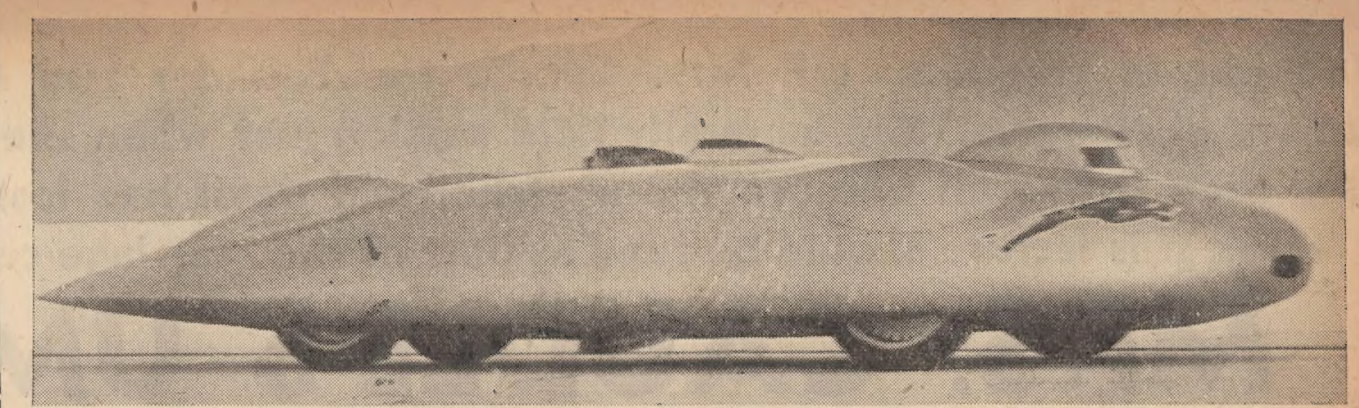
His sister Flo, writing home to her mother from Jersey, says that young Tony can hardly wait for the day when

he sees his seafaring uncle again. He was too young to remember much on his first visit to Bristol, but now whenever he sees a sailor, he wants to know "Is Uncle Fred like that, mummy?"

This is his photo taken during the German occupation, but he wants to make it quite clear that now there's more grub about, and especially chocolate, he's beginning to look much more tough!

His ambition at the moment is to become a Boy Scout, so he's thinking along the right lines.

As soon as travel is easier, his parents are hoping to bring Tony to Bristol, and Mrs. Jones



British racing driver John Cobb did six miles a minute in his 2,600-h.p. Railton-Napier car on the Utah Salt Flats.

We Hold the Speed Records

BRITAIN has gone so quietly about her work that few people appreciate that Britain holds world speed records on land, sea, and in the air. Now the European war is over one of the first aims of a certain group of speed lovers in Britain is to make an attempt on the world record held by Captain John Cobb.

Several Americans, too, have decided to try and break the 368.85 m.p.h. set up by Cobb in the August of 1939. Ab. Jenkins, ex-mayor of Salt Lake City, is said to be building a car to beat all records. It takes money, patience, and a terrific machine to break a world record, and before Captain John Cobb accomplished his feat on the eve of World War 2 he spent years in fighting for honours on the famed Brooklands track.

He appreciated that he would be greatly out of pocket at the end of his venture, but was prepared to lose cash so long as he won the speed title for Britain. Reid Railton, who designed Cobb's Silver Railton Red Lion Racer, put something really new into his work, which resulted in one of the lightest cars of all time trying for the highest honour speed can offer. The Silver Railton weighed only 2½ tons, had two 1,250 h.p. engines, and was reputed to be worth £10,000.

Although the world was on the eve of the second Great War quite a crowd gathered at Bonneville salt flats, Utah, in the late August of 1939 to see John Cobb climb into his unusual designed speedster. When a record attempt is made a high-powered car often costs its owner anything up to £800 for tyres alone. Thus it can be appreciated why some in the past, after one or two failures, have packed their bags and gear to return home. They just could not foot the bill. Sometimes as much as £30,000 has been spent by a syndicate interested in a record attempt even before the car has gone into action. Engineers, time-keepers, and staff of every possible kind, as well as supplies, spares, and the hundred-and-one other items needed by a racing team, have to be paid for and in some cases the driver himself has paid a large sum out of his own pocket.

Take a look at John Cobb, known as "The King of Brooklands," as he prepared for the swish across the broad flat surface of Bonneville salt flats.

A tall man standing 6ft. 2ins. in his stockinged feet, Cobb, as he went into training for his record attempt, weighed over 14 stone.

"We must do away with every unnecessary item," Cobb had told his team as they got ready for the record attempt; and once the engineers and

fitters had been to run the rule over his giant car John Cobb began to run the rule over himself.

"I must get into training to reduce my weight," he told a friend. "Every unnecessary pound might mean the difference between success and failure."

With this in mind Cobb began to train just as thoroughly and conscientiously as any boxer. His great difficulty was to reduce without interfering with his strength, for to handle a monster powered by two 1,250 h.p. engines is like wrestling with a tiger. A man must have arms as strong as a weight-lifter's, and a brain as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

THE BIG DAY.

Having reduced himself to his satisfaction Cobb had his super-machine tuned up to perfection, he prepared on 23rd August, 1939, for the greatest day of his life.

In normal times his bid to set up new world figures for a car would have occupied pride of place in the newspapers. With Hitler ranting and roaring, the German Army rattling its sabres, and the Luftwaffe, on a leash, waiting to pounce upon Poland, Cobb and his record attempt had to be content, in most cases, with an insignificant place on the back pages.

But that did not deter the city fur broker who raced for

the love of the sport and his craze for speed.

As he revved up the engine of the Silver Railton Cobb's thoughts may have turned to the moment when he first became "news" as breaker of speed "records?" It was at Kingston-on-Thames, when he was fined for travelling at the "colossal" speed of 42 m.p.h.

Cobb was instantly "on the mark" when the moment came for him to begin his first run.

With the sun beating down upon the salt flats, making them shine like silver plates, Cobb "built up speed" and then flashed over the course. His car as it hurtled across the flats resembled something from Mars! One almost expected to see a Martian crouched over

USELESS EUSTACE



"H'm! Importing foreign eggs again. I see, Winnie!"

the controls. It was perpetual motion at its glorious best.

Cobb flashed past the time-keepers, turned, and then made another "run."

There was a lot of checking and counter-checking. Then the great news was given. Cobb, achieving a speed of 368.85 m.p.h. had beaten the Eyston record by nearly 12 m.p.h., and became the first man to travel at six miles a minute by land.

In normal times this would have been "big news," but the threat of war overshadowed everything else, and Cobb may not have got the space his feat deserved.

But there will be another chance for him. During the years of war he has served in the R.A.F., played in the film "Target for To-night," and has been a ferry pilot for the past three years. It is possible we shall hear a great deal more about him and his record-breaking Silver Railton.

COLIN WELLS.

Sweet and Special for E.R.A. Frank Gleeson

WE don't question that for E.R.A. Frank Gleeson, this smiling baby makes the best picture in to-day's issue of "G.M." for it is his son Francis, and Mrs. Gleeson is also in the picture as a strong support. We got the photograph one sunny day at 288a, Poulton Road, Fleetwood, E.R.A. Gleeson's home.

Bill, Hughie and Laurence are all coming home on leave from the Army soon and we were informed that the whole family are going to have a grand victory party at Southwood Ave., Fleetwood. "The next one we'll have with Frank, I hope," were Eileen's words.

Your wife would like you to know she often sees Mrs. Bullen, of Southwood Ave., and always they stop and talk about

is beginning to put a few things by for a reunion party. She is hoping that Fred will be home then, too, just to complete the picture.

And so do all his brothers and sisters, who send their best wishes.

They are all very proud of their brother and are looking forward to hearing some thrilling (or tall!) yarns when the job is done.



you and about John Bullen. They believe that you two are on the same ship now.

Mrs. Gleeson and Francis are both in the pink, as you can see from the picture. Eileen sends her message: "All my love, and I'm longing to see you home

again. If there is any possible chance of letting me know when that will be, I'll have something to look forward to. And Francis sends his own message which we are sure you will understand and will cherish. Just a few chuckles.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

WOMEN, priests and poultry never have enough.

One hair of a woman draws more than a team of oxen.

The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse.

Maids say nay, and take. Swine, women and bees cannot be turned.

Love, a cough and the itch cannot be hid.

Women conceal all they know not.

The handsomest flower is not the sweetest.

A spaniel, a woman and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em the better they be.

Women, wind and fortune are always changing.

Where there are women and geese there wants no noise.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

You can, if you like, call Mrs. Caudle the Founder and everlasting President of the Society of Naggers. She generally held session just when she and poor old C. went to bed. This time it was all because the wretched old devil had lost an umbrella. Sometimes we think this lecture should be read as part of the marriage ceremony, just as a warning.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE

"THAT'S the third umbrella rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you gone since Christmas, hear the rain? And, as I am alive, What were you to do? Why, let if it isn't Saint Swithin's Day! him go home in the rain, to be Do you hear it against the win- sure. I'm very certain there was dows? Nonsense, you don't im- nothing about him that could pose upon me. spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He does not look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the

and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet.

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through back again! Cabs, indeed! such weather, I'm determined. I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your chil- dren—buying umbrellas!

"And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me.

"But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more.

By Douglas Jerrold

lend your umbrella again. I I choose to go as a lady. Ugh, shouldn't wonder if I caught my that rain—if it isn't enough to death; yes: and that's what break in the windows. you lent your umbrella for. Of "Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am

"Nice clothes I shall get too, to go to mother's I'm sure I can't trapesing through weather like tell. But, if I die I'll do it. No, this. My gown and bonnet will be sir, I won't borrow an umbrella. spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear No; and you shan't buy one. 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the

No, sir, I'm not going out umbrella, I'll throw it into the a dowdy to please you or any- body else.

Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, (Continued on Page 3)



Familiar Phrases: Angle on the bow.

QUIZ for today

duced in: 1771, 1791, 1811, 1831, 1851, 1871?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Liverpool, Swansea, Coventry, Hull, Bristol.

Answers to Quiz in No. 707

1. Of what is the drink called Athol Brose made?
2. What is the second largest city in the British Empire?
3. Where does longitude cross the south coast of England?
4. What is the other name for the wild flower, Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon?
5. Bank holidays were intro-
1. Square mile.
2. Twenty-fifth.
3. Ferrous sulphate (or sulphate of iron).
4. Steel; wood; sticks.
5. Peru.
6. In 52 the larger digit comes first; in the others the smaller digit comes first.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

GLASGOW policemen are seeking fresh laurels in a new field. Dozens of them are first-class golfers, bowlers, rifle shots, wrestlers, boxers, and pipers. Now they are going in for Art. They have started a Police School of Artists.

Principals of the school are Constable Malcolm McLellan, whose beat is round the centre of the city, and Constable William Rayer, who patrols the city in a flying squad car, both of whom are trained artists. Pupils of the school now number over 30, including an inspector.

Dr. Tom Honeyman, Director of Kelvingrove Art Galleries, who judged the policemen's first art show of 61 exhibits, was impressed. He hopes the idea spreads to other municipal departments in Glasgow, and he would be pleased to see a "tramways school" and a "firemen's school."

Constable McLellan, who has exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, showed the best picture, a painting of his wife, Inspector Hugh White, of the Southern Division, went in for the exhibition in a big way. He had sixteen exhibits and his etching of a dog's head was one of the most popular.

One word of warning, submariners: Though Glasgow policemen have gone all arty, they still take a dim view of painting the town red.

★

A NEW-CROSS tram driver has now found that everything does not stop for tea.

Going in a cafe for a cup of tea, he was away from his tram for three or four minutes, during which time two other trams were unable to move.

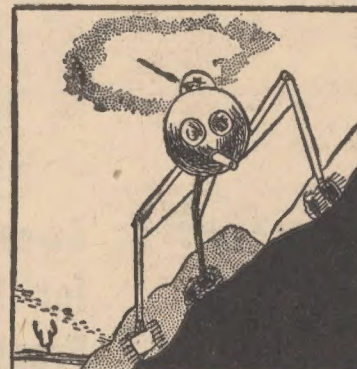
Greenwich magistrates were obviously not of the opinion that everything should stop for tea when they fined him ten shillings.

★

AT the formation of the Aston Swimming Club, in 1895, the man chosen for the position of captain was Mr. A. E. Brown. At the recent fiftieth annual meeting of the club, the election for captain brought forth the nomination of—Mr. A. E. Brown.

As he had been captain of the club for the past 49 years, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that Mr. Brown was chosen to serve again!

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 648

- 1. Behead an animal and get an organ.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: elpimtoititardwittatammer.
- 3. Change WHO into YES in five steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MEND, etc.).
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The girl with the beautiful — was having tea in the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 647

- 1. D-Usk.
- 2. Readers prefer to peruse papers by the fire.
- 3. LUMP, lamp, ramp, rasp, wasp, wast, mast, most, moat, MEAT; CAME, cane, cone, GONE.
- 4. Went, newt.

JANE

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE

(Continued from Page 2)

much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!—call them—selves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!"

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!"

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella?"

"Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella."

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school."

"Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel."

They shall go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard). Oh, what a brute a man is!

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!"

Eating Through the Centuries By D.N.K. BAGNALL

SCRATCHING or spitting at table were frowned upon by the best people, of the Eighteenth Century. It was considered bad manners to smell the meat on one's fork—evidently the joint from the butcher was still to be regarded with suspicion.

These were the days of heavy eating and heavy drinking.

The country squire, living on the fat of the land—meat, fish, game and vegetables from his estate, and choice foods from across the seas—sat long with his guests after dinner was done, to drain bottle after bottle of port, sherry, claret or burgundy.

He was a "three or four bottle man" and boasted of his prowess.

In the towns and cities, the rich merchant was recognised by his double chins, his hanging chops and rotund stomach.

He rollicked in vast piles of meat of every kind, game puddings and pies and new-fangled sweets—washed down with prodigious quantities of wine.

Frequently he was carried from the table, too full to stir, or too drunk to sit.

A typical family dinner (usually taken between three and four o'clock) consisted of boiled chickens, a haunch of venison, a ham, beans, boiled pudding, gooseberries and apricots.

But when friends were there, the board would creak with hare pie, pike, chickens, soup, veal, olives, hogs' feet and ears, beef, sweetbreads, pheasants, larks, teal, partridges, macaroni, peas, broccoli, apples, pears, grapes, jellies, lemon cream, raspberry cream and syllabubs.

The less wealthy shared in this season of plenty—for food became increasingly cheap. The townsman had meat with his breakfast, and cheese—which he ate in huge amounts. And at mid-day he had a feast of meat dishes with vegetables—for, at last, the cabbage and carrot had come into their own.

In the North, where food was cheaper, meat, milk, oatmeal and potatoes were the chief diet, and "Hasty Pudding," made with oatmeal and eaten with butter, milk or treacle, the popular dish.

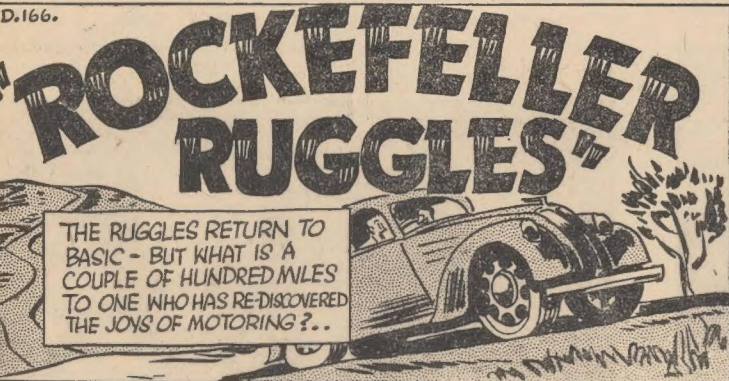
In the cities, towards the middle of the century, gin drinking became a horrible threat to the health and fortune of the lower classes. Unrestricted, cheap and potent—often adulterated with pernicious ingredients—it was sold in hundreds of gin-shops, often disreputable hovels in the back streets and alleys.

The year 1795 should be a land-mark for seamen. It was then that the Admiralty adopted the lemon ration for sailors on long voyages, and in a few years scurvy, the scourge of the Navy, was practically wiped out.



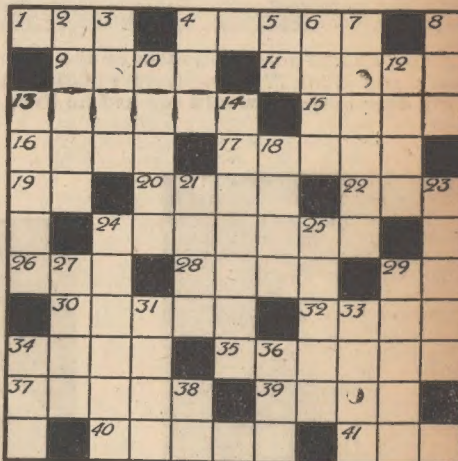
... and this is Sir Gervais... the black sheep of the family!

RUGGLES



CROSS-WORD CORNER

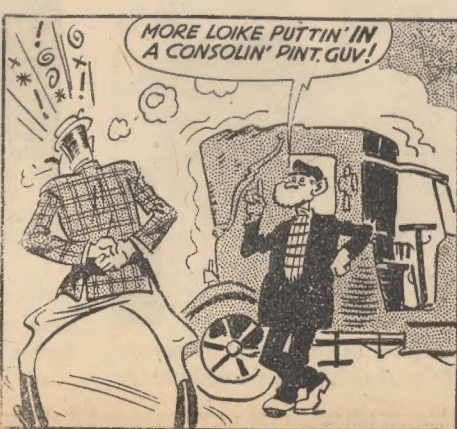
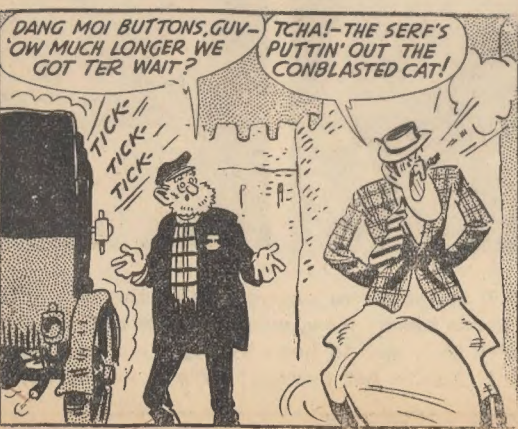
PASS	SHAWMS
ANTIQUE	HIP
CORN	MARINE
KNOCK	DOGGY
E	NEEDLE
TAG	D
U	AGENCY
ROBERT	TORE
URE	EUGENIC
BATTEN	DENE



GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Black. 4 Allure. 9 Urn. 11 Bland. 13 Weight. 15 Formal. 16 Constellation. 17 Angry. 19 Through. 20 Girl's name. 22 Reptile. 24 Part. 26 Sleeping place. 28 Food list. 29 Number. 30 Falter. 32 Bite. 34 Lake. 35 Discipline. 37 Comic movement. 39 Jot. 40 Ship. 41 Family.
- CLUES DOWN.—2 Each. 3 Thrashes. 4 Drink. 5 Manuscript. 6 Chrysalis. 7 Cloth. 8 Pearl. 10 Sharp stick. 12 Contents. 13 Of three dimensions. 14 Beds. 18 Guiding strap. 21 Top point. 23 Go furtively. 24 Begins. 25 Have-a-duty. 27 Boy's name. 29 Girl's name. 31 Curtain. 33 Secluded spot. 34 Hawthorn. 36 Head cover. 38 Joint.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. These old timbered cottages at Tewkesbury are calculated to draw gasps of admiration from passing strangers. And we, ourselves, admit they are certainly picturesque. But we wonder whether the housewives who live in them ever have time off from chores to notice their beauty.



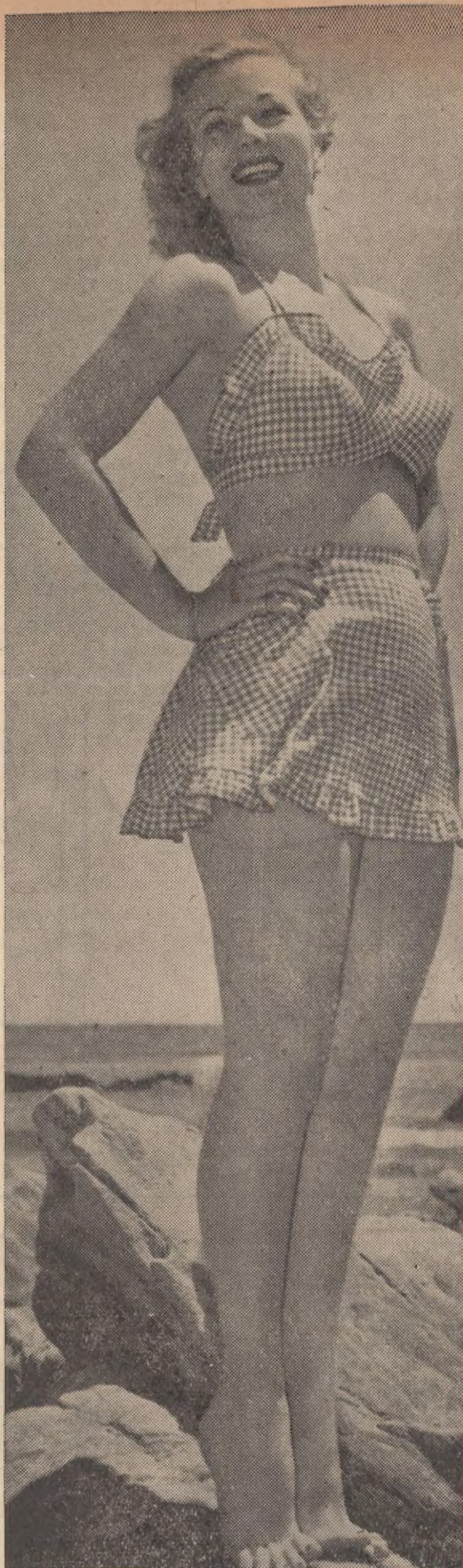
"A low class of person one sees on the river nowadays, Mrs. Knickersnap, don't you think?" "Positively middle-class, dear Mrs. Fillibags. What my dear husband would say had he lived to see it, I dare not think."



The Pavian ape does his daily dozen. Not 100 per cent. perfect, laddie, but not bad, not bad!



Finally, here are the three female stars of the show making up in the stars' dressing-room at the Hudson Theatre, New York, where they have been playing to packed houses.



Now we ask you — ! If somebody flicked this picture on to your desk (and you naturally pushed everything else on to the floor so as to have a good look), would you expect to be told that "Navy and white checks in blistered seersucker was used for the ruffled bras-top? We thought not! **BLISTERED IS THE RIGHT WORD HERE!**

Arsenic and Old Lace



Here are some scenes from that rib-tickling thriller, "Arsenic and Old Lace," which has been rolling audiences in the aisles for over three years in London's West End. This time, however, the performance is staged by the Professional Children's School — where the children of the stars go. Above is the strangling scene.



This is the celebrated poison scene. But something has gone wrong. There is an interruption. A drama critic appears and warns the intended victim of the poisoned elderberry wine. "Lay that potion down, brother," he says.



Here are the two jolly spinsters who murder their victims out of the kindness of their hearts. They are played in this juvenile version by Patsy O'Shea and Lorna Lynn — both aged ten. Not bad make-up, eh?



Take a look at these two expressions on the face of ten-year old Lorna Lynn. Now, what you like to bet us that Lorna won't be a star in her own right not many years from now? You're not betting? We're not surprised.